# WOMAN'S WORLD.

## THE WINNER OF THE WOODFORD PRIZE AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

**Baseball Women—The Reversible Pommel. Rescue of Virginia's Historic Shrines—Is This a Coming Fashion?—A New Club For Women—Items of Interest.**

The recent commencement at Cornell was the most remarkable of any in the university's history for one reason—a woman took the Woodford prize in oratory, the highest honor that can come to any Cornellian. She is Miss Harriett Chedie Connor of Burlington, Ia., a slender, pretty girl, but unmistakably an orator. She had five male competitors. It was because Miss Connor is an orator that she won the prize. Her subject was "The Letter and the Spirit," and it dealt exclusively with the growth of tolerance and liberality in religious thought.

Women competitors for the Woodford prize—founded 25 years ago by General Woodford of Brooklyn and consisting of a gold medal or $100 in gold—are not uncommon. The men students outnumber the women at Cornell by about four or five to one, and frequently and for several years in succession a woman has competed for the Woodford. In the early eighties there were two women competitors for the prize in one class, and one of them secured "honorable mention." Until this year no one has ever considered the women seriously as competitors, and a place has been given to them in the contest largely out of compliment to the unusually good work they always do at Cornell.

This year it was generally recognized that Miss Connor would be a dangerous competitor for the men. She had won her way to the highest honors in Cornell, had obtained a Phi Beta Kappa key and was regarded as one of the best speakers that had ever come to Cornell. She had proved her capabilities long before the Woodford prize subjects were announced.

The young men of '94 knew, therefore, who and what they had to meet when it was announced that Miss Connor would try for the Woodford, but when it became known that Miss Connor was dancing at the senior ball the night before the competition and staying late, too, while most of her competitors were in their beds, the young men's supporters took heart and said they guessed Miss Connor was done for.

The usual critical audience was in the armory. The young men came and went. They spoke well and received the usual applause. All, however, were self conscious. They showed their nervousness, as they always do. They were not experienced speakers, although most of them were polished. But the polish was plainly artificial and studied.

Miss Connor's name was called. She was dressed entirely in white—probably her ball gown—and as she stepped upon the platform and the audience saw her ease and the almost wonderfully pretty picture she made a tremendous outburst of applause was heard. She had won half the battle before she spoke a word. When she started to speak, her voice was somewhat unsteady. She was tired from her social pleasures, and she showed it. She pulled herself together quickly, and then all traces of self consciousness disappeared. She had views to present, and she seemed more desirous of convincing the audience of the seriousness and truth of what she was saying than of winning the prize. The prize was a secondary matter apparently. She was earnest and not artificial. Her few gestures seemed spontaneous, and she had quite forgotten her gown and whether she stood on her right foot while she delivered this paragraph or on her left foot while she spoke the other paragraph. The audience was absolutely still. There was no turning, no whispering.

Mrs. Lease and Mrs. Foster never had more attentive listeners. Every syllable was heard by every person in the audience of nearly 2,000 persons. Her voice filled the place, and her inflection and emphasis seemed perfect. When she finished, a storm of applause shook the building. The audience declared her the winner without waiting for the following competitors, and the judges tried to hold themselves impartial to the end.

When the decision was announced finally, the applause was tumultuous. Then Miss Connor became self conscious. She was in a whirl of congratulations, the people were excited, and she became the most marked girl that ever entered or graduated from Cornell.—New York Sun.

### Baseball Women.

The average woman who attends the ball games does not know much about scoring. She merely keeps a record of the outs and runs by marking the figure "1" opposite the names of the players who make them, while a zero fills all other spaces on the score card. Such a thing as distinguishing between base hits and errors is far too puzzling to be thought of. But there are some who can score as well as the most accomplished critics.

Ball players' wives generally excel in this respect. For years Mrs. Anson, the wife of the famous Chicago captain, was the official scorer of the club, and some people were cruel enough to say that she gave "Anse" the benefit of the doubt to such an extent that he easily led the League in batting. At the time the identity of the club's official scorer was unknown, but later, when it was learned that Mrs. Anson had been the official tubkeeper, everybody appreciated the joke. Mrs. Nash, wife of the Boston captain, can score a game very cleverly, and John Clarkson's wife knows more about baseball than many men. She can also keep a correct score and knows when her husband is pitching well or not.

Mrs. Fouts, wife of the Brooklyn manager, is a most enthusiastic lover of the game. She knows the rules, can pick out good plays and shows a knowledge of what constitutes winning ball. She is particularly happy when the Brooklyns defeat the New Yorks, and when the game goes the other way she is disconsolate.—New York Sun.

### The Reversible Pommel.

If you are about to invest in a sidesaddle to take with you to the country, by all means take one with a reversible pommel. There is a danger of becoming one sided if a woman rides a good deal. The remedy, or rather the prevention, lies in the saddle which you can use either on the left or on the right side.

It was the Princess of Wales who first set the example in this direction. Other English ladies followed the fashion. In New York Miss Anna Brackett was the first woman to use a reversible pommel. Now nearly all the children in well regulated families who ride are taught to ride in this way. Doctors advocate the idea, and fashion seconds it.

Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt and the children of Dr. Seward Webb, who ride during the winter nearly every afternoon in the week at a riding club, have never been accustomed to any other style of saddle.

Mrs. Duncan Elliott also prefers this kind. So does Mrs. S. S. Colgate, who rides to hounds. This is also the case with Mrs. Kernochan (nee Stevenson), who, during the spring and autumn, is often days together in the saddle from 9 o'clock in the morning until late in the afternoon down at her country place at Hempstead. Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Miss Rockefeller, Miss Bird and Miss Frances Brayton Ives use saddles with reversible pommels.—New York Correspondent.

### Rescue of Virginia's Historic Shrines.

From a condition threatening an almost total obliteration of much that is most desirable to cherish for reasons of history and of a just pride of lineage the women of Virginia are now coming to the rescue. They are doing what they can to save historic houses, to keep intact churches that have survived from the colonial period, to restore and preserve inscriptions in churchyards and cemeteries, to collect and insure the preservation of parish and county records and other interesting manuscripts and documents, to find and keep the furniture and household effects of the olden time and in short to save everything of antiquarian significance. When due regret has been expressed for all that was destroyed beyond recovery from 1860 to 1865, and for the far greater loss due to the neglect during the 25 years following the war, it is still true that Virginia is yet marvelously rich in surviving historical subjects and materials. The task of checking the further process of destruction is one in which the daughters of Virginia deserve the encouragement of the whole nation.—Review of Reviews.

### Is This a Coming Fashion?

The mode of wearing different sleeves at the same time is again striving to intrench itself. At the last smart London ball one of the fashionable leaders appeared in a bodice of white brocade, one sleeve of which duly matched the gown material, while the other arm was incased in yellow velvet, softened by a puff of satin. A second prominent woman of the smart set had, with a bodice of cherry colored velvet, the top of one arm veiled in a fringe of cherries and velvet, while the other fitted into a small sleeve of pale blue gauze. A third member of the select few was charming, so it is said, in a gown of white satin, whose bodice, draped with pink chiffon, was held up over the shoulders with trails of black poppies. On the one shoulder a pink rose spray stood upright, with folds of pink chiffon falling on the arms beneath and caught up into becoming draperies, the other sleeve being of white satin and pink chiffon.

As these state balls are precedent of modistic novelties and conservatories of growing fashions, it is possible that harlequin sleeves are to be features of next season's gowns.

### A New Club For Women.

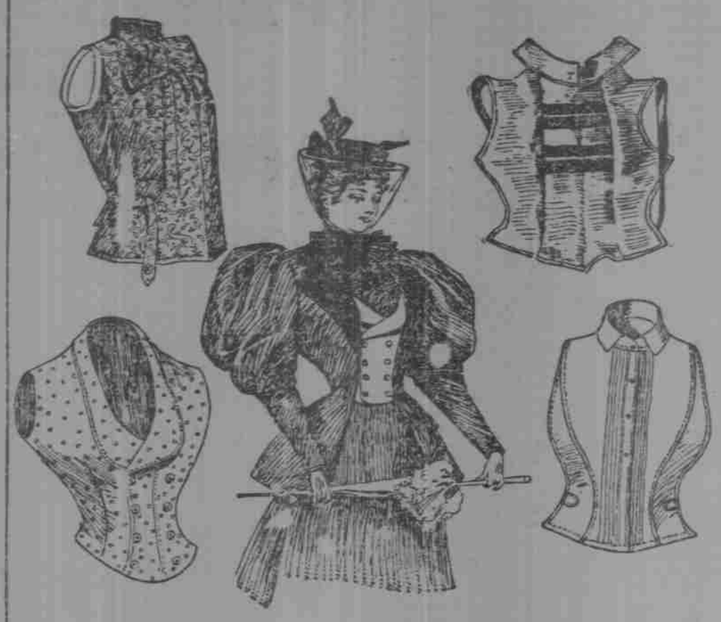
The Victorian club in London was established by a woman. She is now its president. Its purpose is giving satisfactory accommodation to women who go to town for a few days and providing comfortable permanent homes for professional women at moderate prices. Subscriptions are on a very low scale, and women in town pay a guinea a year, and members from the country contribute only 18 shillings. There is no pecuniary responsibility incurred, so the whole expense is within the limit of a very modest income. Small rooms can be obtained for half a guinea a week, and meals can be served marvelously cheap because there are so many members. And the privilege of joining for one month for 4 shillings is another advantage the club offers. There are no restraining rules to interfere with the perfect independence of the members. They go out and come in when they please and have free access to all the club-rooms. In fact, it is a residential club, founded on principles which must appeal to every woman who earns her living.

### Wants the Jobs Traded.

H. W. Allen is a man who lives in Rockford, Ills. He travels for a wholesale grocery house. He has a wife and a baby. The other day he threw his shoulder out of joint. He had a trip mapped out that it was necessary should be made. His wife told him that if he would mind the baby she would make the trip for him. He laughed her to scorn, but she was in earnest, and she took his sample case and went the rounds. The result was that while he made a rather poor fist of taking care of the baby she got 10 pages more orders than he ever secured in one day in all the years he has been on the road. The firm has written to Mr. Allen suggesting that he trade jobs with his wife permanently.—New England Grocer.

### Looks Cool and Charming.

The girl in white is always a fascinating creature and never more so than when her frock is of fine silk mull, its sole trimming consisting of sash and stock of pale blue ribbon sprinkled with tiny rosebuds. These exquisite bits of floral prettiness are seen in all of the summer conceits from parasols to hosiery. A charming sunshade to be carried by an acknowledged belle is of white silk with narrow satin stripes, on each one of which there is a continuous line of the pretty pink blooms. The handles of Dresden china corresponds exactly with the combination in the main body of the parasol and completes a harmony that is sufficiently delicate and expensive to suit the most fastidious.



VESTS AND CHEMISETTES.

The center figure shows a novel combination of white duck vest and black ponge shirt waist with cravat bow. The upper left figure is a full vest of brocade. That below it is a polka dot pique vest, plain and double breasted. On the right below is a white chemisette and collar, both postiche. Above it is a false front to wear under a blazer coat. It is postiche.

### A Ribbon Threader.

Narrow ribbons threaded through lace or embroidery or wider ones under insertion are such a distinct feature of present fashions that a new threader that has been recently invented and patented ought to attain speedy popularity. Like most useful things, it is really quite simple, being a flat shaped piece of metal, with a long shaped slit at the top, through which the ribbon is passed. The ribbon is held securely and kept entirely flat and is thus inserted without crease or injury, while the threader is constructed especially to avoid tearing the lace. It is made in three sizes, suitable for the various widths of ribbon.—London Lady.

### Kate Douglas Wiggin.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, a well known society woman of New York as well as the popular author of some clever New England stories, is at present in London, where she is welcomed as an addition to the fashionable intellectual circles there. A writer in the last number of the Pall Mall Budget says of Mrs. Wiggin that she is "tall and elegant, dresses exquisitely and is the very type of the pretty and brilliant American." Mrs. Wiggin owes her success entirely to her own efforts, having once taught school in California. She is remembered there as the founder of the free kindergarten system in San Francisco.

### The Rage For Buckles.

At this moment it is almost impossible to keep track of the new belt buckles. Flowers are seen. An embossed crescent is a new buckle. Silver cable twisted into nautical designs is for yachting belts. Silver gilt and enamel are seen in new designs. In this case the enamel is in sections, wreathed in gilt, in which manner it is very effective. Slides are almost as conspicuous. In many cases the slide is a single bar. In others it retains the original form. Renaissance belts with cross sections hold their own.—Jewelers' Circular.

### Organdies and Muslins.

There is one thing the wearer of organdies and muslins must remember—that is, to be extremely particular as to the under petticoats and skirts. The material is not stiff enough in itself to look well for any length of time, and to keep a skirt hanging properly a very thin haircloth or moreen petticoat should be worn, or else under the silk slip a skirt of very stiff muslin carefully starched, or a taffeta silk, with several ruffles and a tiny steel tape run through the hem.—New York Dispatch.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### At the Circus.

"Well," remarked the royal Bengal tiger from his cage as he observed the elephant reach up to the top of a wagon and get an apple, "if I had to put up my trunk for my board, I don't think I'd let everybody know it."

"Don't you worry about me," retorted the elephant, with characteristic bonhomie, "I'd a blame sight rather put up my trunk for it than have no trunk and get it by wearing stripes," and the royal Bengal withdrew to the farthest corner of his cell, where he might not hear the elephant smile.—Detroit Free Press.

### "Falling In With a Friend."

—Life.

### Too Confident.

Serving on a jury is a disagreeable duty, from which the ordinary man always seeks to be excused. Not long ago in an Omaha court Mr. John Doe was called, and after giving his name asked to be excused.

"What excuse have you?" asked the judge sternly.

"Hey?" asked Mr. Doe. "You'll have to speak louder, judge."

The question was repeated, and Mr. Doe replied, "Well, judge, I'm hard of hearing, and I'm afraid it would be useless for me to try to serve."

"Can you hear an ordinary conversational tone?" asked the judge.

"Hey?" exclaimed Doe, placing his hand behind his ear.

"I say can you hear an ordinary conversational tone?" asked the judge, pitching his voice a little higher.

"Well, it bothers me a great deal," replied Doe.

"Then," said the judge in a low tone of voice, "we'll have to excuse you if you can't hear well."

Low as the tone was, Mr. Doe heard it, and he started away with a pleasant smile on his face.

"Wait, Mr. Doe," said the judge quickly. "If you can hear that, you can hear well enough to serve as a juror. We cannot excuse you."

And John Doe collapsed and fell into the nearest chair.—Golden Days.

### The Survival of the Fittest.

Professor R. of Harvard has ofttimes need of all his philosophy to bear with the mischievous precociousness of his little son Christopher, the youth who distinguished himself some three years ago by turning the hose on the late James Russell Lowell. One of his last coups d'etat took place about two weeks ago. Christopher had been left alone in the house, and when a friend of his mother came up the steps it was he who immediately answered the doorbell.

"Ah, good afternoon, Christopher," said Mrs. X., "and is your dear mother at home?"

"No," curtly replied the boy.

"Well," returned Mrs. X., "will you kindly remember to say to her that Mrs. X. called?"

Christopher eyed her sharply and then answered slowly:

"I don't know. There are so many things she would rather have me remember and that I would rather remember that, on the whole, I don't think I will."

And he didn't.—Kate Field's Washington.


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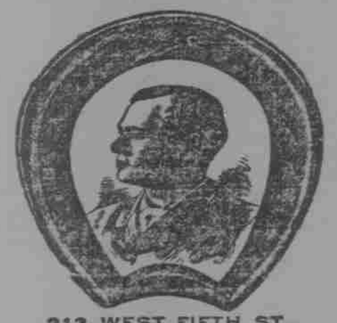
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